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THE
FRENCH CANADIANS IN NEW ENGLAND
BY PROSPER BENDER

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THE FRENCH CANADIANS IN NEW ENGLAND.

By Prosper Bender.



THE fame of New England has penetrated to even the remotest wilds of the Province of Quebec. Tradition and fiction have contributed their resources to surround it with unflinching interest. Every French Canadian hears from childhood glowing accounts of *La Nouvelle Angleterre*; and many an hour is enlivened by fascinating tales of life amid its busy bustling scenes. Excited by the pictures of New England stir, enterprise, and greatness, drawn by multitudes of compatriots and relatives settled in the farm districts or busy towns of the northeastern states, the youths resolve to leave the parental roof at the earliest opportunity and seek their fortune in this Republic. The great numbers coming yearly to this country, despite the difference of race, creed, and speech, and the difficulties of distance, show the vast change in popular feeling that a score or two of years have brought about, and prove the gradual disappearance of enmities and popular prejudices too long a discredit and a danger to people engaged in the worthy and beneficent work of founding homes, for the deserving and the needy, and building up in a new world empires based on justice to all men.

No invasion of Canada from New England is feared by even the chronic alarmist; not even the most warlike or ambitious of our military youths dreams of forcible annexation. Nor are aggressive colonization projects entertained with a view to its absorption. The tide of national feeling on each side of the boundary is turned into different, more honorable, and fruitful channels; each side striving after nobler objects than to vex or destroy the other. The French Canadians pour into the traditional enemy's country, not for war or spoil, but to find homes in thriving cities and to aid

in the cultivation of fertile fields. The descendants of the old combatants now mingle in peace, to work amicably together for the promotion of American civilization.

A quieter immigration movement, on a scale so extensive as that of the French Canadians to the United States, has never been witnessed. The majority of our citizens have as yet no idea of its extent and results. It is chiefly within the last generation that this "new nation," as it may be styled, has noiselessly overspread these northeastern states. Although French Canadians could be found in the lumbering districts of the West and the more important manufacturing centres of New England prior to the Civil War, no decided inflow has been noticed, and certainly none of a kind to deserve the name of a wholesome systematic immigration. The late Civil War was the first great inviting agency to this race, some of whose representatives assert that 35,000 of their fellow-countrymen fought for the North. To-day, this new population throughout the United States numbers considerably over 800,000. In New England and New York, there are more than 500,000; in Massachusetts alone the figures reach 120,000. This is an astounding aggregate for the brief period of their immigration and the extent of the sources of supply. This result far exceeds, proportionately, that to the credit of either Ireland or Germany. According to *Le guide Français des Etats Unis* (1891), they own real estate to the amount of \$105,328,500; and 10,696 of the race are doing business for themselves. As we have already seen, this people, chiefly agricultural, backward in education and primitive in habit, numbered but 65,000 at the time of the Cession of Canada to England—1759-60; while at the present time there are 1,700,000 of them, not including the outflow to adjoining provinces and the United States.

Where can a parallel to such astonishing increase be found? An able New England statistician has stated that before the end of the first quarter of the next century the French Canadians in the northeastern states would outnumber the native American population. With such extraordinary progress achieved under so many disadvantages, the above prediction seems far from improbable. Why, we have in them already more than twelve times the total English conquest in Canada, with thousands coming yearly from Quebec to join them. The social philosopher and American patriot can find abundant food for speculation in the fact that against the Yankee family of one or two children and often none, the French Canadian will count his flock of a dozen to a dozen and a half. And the Anglo-Saxon will doubtless continue to "go West" to a large extent, while the French Canadian will probably maintain and increase the movement to the southeast. According to the census of 1885, the population of Massachusetts is 1,942,141—native 1,415,274, and foreign born 526,867. The per centage of foreign born is 27 1-3. There are sixty-eight cities and towns in the state in which is found an excess of persons having a foreign parentage. So we shall have history repeating itself! We shall see the Normans overrunning and taking possession of another England, but by the worthy and beneficent arts of peace,—and the industry and energy which have enabled this people, from insignificant beginnings, under most unfavorable and discouraging circumstances, to build up one vigorous state in North America within a century and then undertake the rapid formation of another. The thoughtful observer of each race as well as the patriot and philanthropist will await the results of this peaceful rivalry with the greatest interest.

In considering the progress of these people in this country, it must be remembered that it is chiefly the poorest and least instructed (most of them with no command of the English language), who come hither—generally those for whom the small and well-worn parental farm could make no provision, and the

laborers from town and country. Some years ago the French Canadians usually came with the intention of returning to the native parish when they had earned enough to cancel the mortgages on the farm, or to enable them to start in some small business. Many did carry out such a programme, which accorded with the "repatriation" schemes of the Roman Catholic clergy and sympathetic politicians; but most of these subsequently returned to the Republic, allured by wages unattainable at home, and by other influences. Now a different system prevails: most of them regard this country as their permanent abode. They soon become useful as farm or factory hands, easily adaptable to all work, making quiet, industrious citizens.

In all the manufacturing towns of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, etc., French-Canadians may be found working as mill-hands, mechanics, and lumbermen, lending their best services to promote the industries of the country. They usually cluster in bodies of a few hundred to ten or twelve thousand, for mutual help and sympathy as the newcomers often do not understand English. The acquisition of the English language, however, often leads to material dispersions. They form Canadian parishes with churches, with priests of their own nationality. Many by energy, intelligence, and probity have risen to positions of trust, emolument, and honor. Several of these people have entered the New England legislatures: two, the Massachusetts; four, the Maine; two, the Connecticut; two, the New Hampshire; and two, the New York. Many are found among municipal councillors, aldermen, etc., of the several states. They support in New England and New York nine newspapers, and have established 287 societies, with a total membership of 43,051. This is a most creditable exhibit in so brief a period, evincing much capacity for union and political management.

These immigrants manifest judicious interest in their present and future welfare, by holding general conventions every fourth year and state conventions every second year, to which each society

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and parish, where they are tolerably numerous, sends three delegates. Questions affecting the condition of their race are here discussed, especially education, political and domestic economy, naturalization, the best method of preserving their native tongue, and so forth. The last general convention was held at Nashua, New Hampshire, in June, 1889, when one thousand one hundred delegates from all parts of the Union responded, and thirty thousand people participated in the proceedings. There is nothing secret about these meetings; the discussions, however, are always carried on in French.

It is chiefly of late years that we notice the significant movement of these people in favor of naturalization. They have not, like the Irish or Germans, shown haste in this matter, one reason being their nearness to their native land, in which the French language is so much spoken and their religion so widely professed. Another reason, perhaps, is the absence of exciting or material objects. They have forty-five naturalization clubs, with many more in course of formation, in which lectures are given on the privileges and duties of citizenship. It is believed that within ten years there will be few if any of them who are not naturalized, all being at present fully alive to the importance of this step. They are not, as a rule, admirers of Republican institutions, the bulk of them preferring a monarchical system, but we live in a progressive age, and one fatal to old prejudices. Many formerly attached to hoary traditions and hollow sentiment now take very practical views of life and its duties, regarding with respect and loyalty the flag and the constitution under which they live so happily and so comfortably.

The French Canadian in this Republic readily adopts the views and habits of the people about him, while retaining some of his original tastes, such as the love of dress and display. This conversion of the foreign element into the material of good American citizenship evidences the wonderful moulding and assimilating influence of American society and institutions. A remarkable fact is that the French Canadians in the United States

marry Americans far more frequently than their fellow-citizens of recent British origin. Their lively habits and cheerful spirits lighten their toil, dispelling the gloom of discontent and care from all around. This cheery disposition blossoms out in varied games and pastimes.

The court records of the different states show a considerably smaller proportion of arrests among the French Canadian for every kind of offence than other nationalities can boast. While fond of diversions, as already stated, they study to keep within the bounds of law and order. There is abundant evidence of their industrious, quiet, and orderly habits in the report on "The Canadian French in New England" (Thirteenth Annual Report of the Massachusetts Bureau of Statistics of Labor, by Carroll D. Wright). Witnesses of good standing, lay and clerical, testified on this and kindred subjects in a way sufficiently to explain the eagerness of New England employers to engage a large amount of help from among them.

In Canada the French Canadian working classes do not sufficiently realize the great importance of education, but in the United States they soon feel the necessity of self-improvement. They quickly learn the fact that their class may by merit rise high in the social scale. Stimulated by this hope, they become steady newspaper readers, members of political, literary, and musical societies, and also participate in studies and discussions of state and national affairs, the better to discharge the duties of citizenship. They send their children to the public schools, while preferring the parochial in which both French and English are taught, thus exhibiting a proper and a creditable estimate of the value of education.

Many of the French Canadian leaders in the United States believe that unless their countrymen preserve their national language, they will become so assimilated to the Americans as to be absorbed in the great preponderant mass. This result they would deprecate. They would prefer to set up a sort of autonomous system, or maintain a distinct nationality within a nation, as in the Dominion. I shall

not attempt to argue at present whether this would be wise or the reverse ; but confess I have my doubts as to its practicability, at any rate to anything like the extent witnessed across the northern boundary. Those who came here when adults prefer to speak French among themselves, but their children born in this country speak but little French, to the great regret of the seniors who retain their old national pride. Some have foolishly allowed the book-keepers and mill-hands who could not pronounce their names in French to anglicize them : Greenwood, for Boisvert ; Shortsleeves, for Courtemanche ; Winner, for Gagne ; Miller, for Meunier ; White, for LeBlanc, etc. Many who have resided in the Republic for some years have an accent as marked as that of the regular down-easter.

In politics the majority are Republicans, though a good many are Democrats. They are naturally conservative. They favor order, discountenance radical views or experiments, and oppose strikes and secret societies. They also strenuously oppose divorce. Unlike their kindred of the mother country they are not eager for change for its own sake. While cherishing the virtues of their race, they have cultivated the good qualities of the Anglo-Saxon. In this way they have banished suspicion, won respect and confidence, and paved the way to amicable co-operation with alien races in the labors and sacrifices of citizenship.

There are at present living in Boston and its immediate neighborhood 10,338 French Canadians. The majority may be found among the skilled artisans, clerks and salesmen of stores, not a few also having risen to positions of trust, usefulness and honor, including the professions. They are not wholly engrossed by material pursuits. They have built a church in the heart of the city, have formed a Saint Jean Baptiste Society, and a Canadian Institute with a fair library, and are about to found a college for the higher education of their children, as well as their instruction in the doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church. A naturalization club is now in existence, the membership of which is already large.

Boston has great attractions for French

Canadians, and those living in adjoining cities or states frequently visit the city. And no wonder, for a world in miniature is here before them. New York alone, on the Atlantic seaboard, offers such a similar variety of opportunities, such a bewildering array of attractions. The antiquarian may revel in relics of art, hoary with age, in memorials of the past long preceding our most ancient records. The scholar, politician, artist, and man of science can, from Boston's illimitable resources, supply each his own needs, however diverse and exacting ; and the mere lover of wealth and physical greatness obtains that stimulus and means of usefulness which he often desires for objects not always personal, or valueless to his neighbors. Nature has done much for the region, and art has improved these advantages. Every available spot of the coast line, every strip of beach and shore along the harbor, unused by commerce, is turned to happiest account by horticultural skill, and the result, with its delights of flower and fragrance captivates the most indifferent sense. Such suburbs, with such glorious ocean views and health-giving breezes, might justify the pride of any city. In its business section the great offices and marts are all within easy reach of each other. Many of the private residences are magnificent, and the public buildings are ample and elegant. Some of the avenues are among the finest in the world, and the hotels are noted, among cosmopolitans, as of the choicest order. It is no small honor to be the capital of New England with all the old-time honors and revolutionary glory ; it will be no less distinction for it to be the capital of New France, with all its glorious fame and splendid future.

The prosperity of the French Canadian immigrants, their influence and social standing were strikingly manifested at the imposing banquet given last November, in the Hotel Vendome, Boston, to the Hon. Wilfred Laurier, the popular Liberal Chief in the Dominion Parliament. On this occasion, French Canadians, numbering six hundred, met at the festive board to honor their distinguished countryman. Governor Russell, and other prominent dignitaries of the state and city

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were present and made able speeches, highly complimentary to the guest and the hosts of the evening. The following day, the *Boston Herald* referring to the banquet said, editorially:

"The dinner given on Tuesday evening to Hon. Wilfred Laurier, the leader of the Liberal party in the Canadian Parliament, was noteworthy, not only as a token of esteem to a man who is likely in the future to have it in his power to materially influence the commercial policy and prosperity of the United States, but was also a significant demonstration of the strength, intelligence, and standing of our American citizens of Canadian birth. The Club Lafayette of Cambridge and the Societe St. Jean Baptiste of Boston are not as widely known as some of the other associations formed of naturalized Americans; but the members of these societies and their friends, who assembled to the number of more than six hundred in the great dining-hall of the Hotel Vendome, to hear the address of this Canadian statesman, formed a collection of men whom any country might be proud to number among its citizens."

Other influential journals also expressed their appreciation of this remarkable and significant demonstration, and pointed to its probable effect in strengthening the bonds of good-fellowship already existing between the two national elements. Mr. Laurier in his address advocated complete reciprocity in trade and more intimate social relations between the two neighboring countries. There is hardly a doubt but that a liberal victory in Canada would mean reciprocal free trade; and such a friendly arrangement could not fail to be attended with the happiest and most profitable results to both nations. The *Boston Herald* in the article above alluded to, added:

"A political victory in Canada meant, for her, an indorsement of reciprocal free trade to its fullest extent, though not quite the same in the United States where, if a vote could be taken on the question, an immense majority would favor a reciprocity treaty with Canada, and that, too, of an exhaustively liberal character."

There are two places in Boston, the classic Common and its background, the Public Garden, where one is almost sure to see French Canadians for they are lovers of natural beauty. I often take a walk of an evening in these places and seldom without hearing the French tongue spoken, and the well-known accents of my countrymen. I have occasionally taken an adjoining seat just to hear them

talk of the old homestead by the St. Lawrence and the old folks they have left behind. They are sometimes, no doubt, attracted to the Common by its historical associations. The Common was the muster-ground for troops in colonial and revolutionary times. Amherst assembled thereon the troops with which he started for the conquest of Canada. Its lovely stretch of about fifty acres of greensward, with magnificent vistas of sun and shade in every direction, its historical monuments, beautiful malls and stately trees, prove a source of unending delight. On the fourth of July, unusual activity prevails there: enterprising hucksters erect peanut and popcorn stands, candy booths, lemonade fountains, Punch and Judy shows, with perfect liberty to ply their trade as they please. All the country round about pours its rural flood of people into this lovely spot on this day, and it is for "the people," a place where each man may feel his individual proprietorship and rejoice in such goodly heritage.

The Public Garden adjoining the Common also offers to the French-Canadians residing in Boston or adjacent cities much attraction. They behold there the happiest features of modern floriculture, with felicitous rural touches to heighten the effect of art. In the earliest spring days, gorgeous tulips are massed in splendor all over the garden, to nod their gay greeting to the crowds that flock hither in search of the natural beauty that is denied them about the city homes. In between the tall, bare stems of the tulips, the ground will be covered with a solid bed of exquisite forget-me-nots, or the deeper richness of pansies, or again, a bed of the "wee, modest crimson-tipped flower" that Burns would have been surprised to see lifting its shy head in the midst of a great city. Huge vases of all blossoms stand not only in the midst of the lawns, but directly in the wide paths, so that the Garden seems brimming with color and overflowing with fragrance. And these delights are constant throughout the season, for as fast as the reign of one plant is ended it is replaced by those just entering upon their own day of brief but certain glory, so that bloom is perennial.

The delicate greenery of shrubs, with that of the tall bushes, is finely outlined against the sombre lustre of the purple beech. In the midst are statues commemorative and mythological. There are fountains, also, amid this fragrance and loveliness, and they are most beautiful of all when the white electric light silvers them like moonlight. A miniature lake is in the heart of the Garden, where the children can row with safety or float about in the pretty "swan-boats" propelled by the boatmen, velocipede fashion. And the whole wide stretch of field and flood is one gleaming expanse of beauty. Placed, as it is, not at some far terminus, where the masses must traverse miles to reach it, but in the very heart of the city, this and the Common adjacent, constitute a pleasure-ground fit for the people, and truly "a thing of beauty and a joy forever."

The singularly early period of the mental development of children in the city of Boston may be witnessed in any stroll of a bright summer morning through the Public Garden, while the children are playing there in charge of the nurses. A friend of mine, passing through the flowery mazes of this charming place one morning, saw a boy five years old, merry as a lark and romping round his nurse. Suddenly he left her side and, running toward a great vase filled with pansies and hyacinths in full bloom, he reached up and took one of the pansies. My friend, a lover of flowers, who regards it as Vandalism in any unappreciative individual to rudely approach them, walked quickly over to remonstrate with the daring child, whose back was now turned toward her. Great was her astonishment, however, to find him intently examining the flower with a magnifying glass. Asking him what he was doing, he answered without deigning to look up, that he had had some discussion with his governess about the structure of this flower and he had just found out that she was wrong.

I have met French Canadians in the most unexpected resorts. One warm summer afternoon I boarded one of the steamers plying between Boston and Nantasket Beach. The peaceful charm of island and coast contrasted with the war-

like aspects of the forts and the sea beneath us covered with the white, gleaming sails of the yachts flitting to and fro, and the stately procession of vessels swiftly gliding in and out of the harbor. I was surveying shore and sea and dreaming of a thousand things, past and present, when suddenly there broke on my reverie the sound of music. A lad not more than nine years old was playing on a concertina the mournful air, *Un Canadien Errant loin de ses foyers*. At any time this melody would attract me, but the youthful minstrel infused into it such a tone of melancholy as to greatly move me. A conversation with him later on, disclosed the fact that he was from Montreal, and had left home, hoping to pick up enough money to support his invalid mother who had remained behind. He added that two months before he could not speak a single word of English, but was now progressing rapidly in his studies and would soon speak it with ease. After this I saw him in a corner of the boat, attentively poring over a French and English vocabulary.

As we passed Nantasket Roads, the air still resounding with the strains from the French youth's instrument, I could not help recalling the painful rivalries of the olden time. What would have been the reflections of Sir William Phipps and Sir Hovenden Walker, while organizing the great royal raids against Canada, could they have seen this peaceful, needy descendant of the old traditional enemy striving, with all his skill and knowledge, and, better, with the generous consent of the representatives of this old British foe, to support by his humble musical efforts among them an invalid French mother on the banks of the St. Lawrence.

One Sunday afternoon, a short time afterwards, I was admiring, as I often must, the magnificent bird's-eye view of the picturesque neighborhood of Nantasket, from the observatory of the Atlantic House, when I heard one of two men whose backs were turned to me comparing the basin at our feet with the Beauport Bay. When I saw the face of the speaker, I recognized the son of an old patient, who, with another townsman

of ours, had been living in Salem. He informed me he had come to pass the day in the district. It was worth his while to come from that distance to see the beautiful scenery of this place. The noble bay before us at low tide displays, widespread, a pleasant, sandy beach, extending in a majestic curve to Point Allerton; north-eastward the ocean seems to rise to mingle its waters with the leaning sky. Every massive or feathery cloud, dragging or skipping across the blue vault, unites with every violent gale or playful breeze to produce for the spectator such atmospheric and scenic effects, such freaks of foam, such feasts of color, in sharp contrast with the grand impressive features of sea, shore, hill, and plain, as to extort on the instant hearty tributes of admiration. Directly north may be seen Point of Pines and Marblehead; south, the charming Weir River and several islands, with woodland drapery, dotted with white tents. To the west, the end of Nantasket peninsula, crowned by Hotel Pemberton; beyond, Brewster's Island, and still farther, in dim outline, Boston itself and its golden crown, the State House dome. Southward appear the great rock-boulders, projecting into the Atlantic, with the surf dashing itself ceaselessly against them, an impressive suggestion of raging impotence. And to add to the picture, the romantic Jerusalem Road, with its homes and drives and the glistening stretches of Weir River, winding along to refresh the whole region.

The sunsets, as seen from this vantage-ground, must be counted among Nature's most striking achievements. Brilliant as may be the glittering base and radiant back-ground, a gorgeous sinking sun outshines them all; every feat of illumination, every touch of splendor is here in view. In one moment a vast shield of golden clouds is interposed to hide the sun's disk from our eyes, only to be soon overspread by a splendid canopy of purple and orange, and this, after its brief moment of glory, dimmed, and at length concealed by the deepening shadows of approaching night. As the darkness gathers, the play of lights opposite Hotel Nantasket on the incoming tide is truly

fascinating. The shadows of the numberless piles, on which the hotel is built, stretch out across the water, like the pillars of some colossal bridge, while the electric light plays upon and illumines the spaces between with the fantastic effect of white magic. In the morning, though the sun may illumine a cloudless sky, the sea and beach, with every object at any little distance even, are frequently hidden from sight by a dense veil of mist, travellers looking like mere spectres amid its fleecy folds.

Crossing early one summer morning, the Nantasket Beach, above described, on my way to catch a Boston boat, I noticed a dog barking at and chasing some swallows, which kept skimming along the surface of the sand, and keeping just enough ahead to tease him effectually. Shortly after, I saw another swallow join in the sport and practise the same trick. Presently one of them soared upward, while the dog continued the chase, when, suddenly the bird pounced down upon the dog's back mischievously pulling out a hair from his coat. This the swallow did twice in succession, to the real bewilderment and annoyance of the poor beast.

Happening shortly afterwards to mention this odd prank of the swallows to a friend, he told me he had seen the same birds play similar tricks on kittens who were basking in the sun, being careful, however, to avoid the maternal cat. He also told me of another incident he had witnessed, in which the sparrows had shown even more mischievous acuteness. One day while watching the birds in his yard, to study their habits, in which he was interested as a naturalist, he saw a swallow enter the temporary vacated nest of a sparrow, under the eaves of an out-building. When the sparrow tried to get back to its nest, it found the swallow ensconced therein and ready to do battle for its possession. A lively skirmish now ensued, but the swallow remained master of the situation. In answer to the sparrow's repeated calls, several other sparrows appeared and a spirited assault followed to oust the beleaguered invader, but in vain. In a few minutes all the sparrows left save one, who remained to

mount guard, and strove to distract the enemy by an occasional onslaught on the nest, when suddenly more than a dozen sparrows arrived with bits of straw, tow, etc. in their beaks, with which they closed up the nest, leaving the living inmate shut up therein to die a lingering death.

I had not seen the last of my little French Canadian musician, before mentioned. At some little distance from Hotel Pemberton is Telegraph Hill, the highest point of the Nantasket peninsula, and a strategic point of great importance, in fact the key to the harbor, overtopping even Fort Warren, the principal defence of the city, at its mouth. Here may still be seen the walls, embrasures, bastions, and moats—and, within, a well ninety feet deep. It is stated that this was built according to plans made by Lafayette and under the superintendence of Chevalier du Portul, chief engineer of the United States army. It is, perhaps, one of the best specimens of French military architecture extant. While I was visiting the fort in company with some friends, one evening, about a week after meeting with the French Canadian lad, I heard the sounds of music coming from one of the cottages at its base, and recognized the air of *Un Canadian Errant*, which I readily associated with our young minstrel.

I do not remember seeing anywhere a translation of the song of Gérin-Lajoie's, and I herewith give it:

A WANDERING CANADIAN.

A poor Canadian wand'ring
Far away from home,
Wept that Fate had doomed him
Through countries strange to roam.

One day, depressed and pensive,
He sat beside the sea,
And told the waves his sorrow,
As on he watched them flee.

"If you should reach my country,
The land for which I sigh—
Oh tell my friends and comrades
If far from them I die.

"I shall recall forever
The happy days of old,
Though all I loved so dearly
I never more behold.

"And still, while vainly longing
My Canada to see,
Toward her I look and languish—
Toward her, where'er I be."

On my way back to the hotel I found the young lad struggling to play, though in great distress. He was suffering from a severe cold and sorely afflicted by the loss of a two-dollar bill, which had been stolen by another boy. One of the cottagers, a charitable lady, gave him a bed for the night, and the people about soon made up the sum he had lost. The next day I was requested, by the lady who had befriended him, to visit him, as he was quite ill. A very sick boy he proved to be, his cold having developed into bronchitis; but with kind and careful nursing by his benefactress he rallied, and desired soon afterwards to resume his recent occupation. I would fain believe that his melodies have won him a useful share of public favor, with enough good fortune to gladden his faithful young heart, and succor the mother to whom he yielded such hearty devotion.

The French Canadian ignorance of the English language often leads to ludicrous mistakes by people of this country, also, not unfrequently giving rise to the impression that these newcomers are exceptionally stupid. After a short residence in the Republic they become sharp and practical enough. Indeed, many of their old neighbors and British fellow-citizens believe that the Canadian immigrant's acquirements in the United States are often offset by moral losses, not only injurious to himself but to his countrymen and all others whom he may meet in business. Many of the clergymen and politicians who have striven of late to stay the tide of emigration to the United States and induce Canadians to return to their native soil, have been influenced, among other reasons, by the greater probability of moral declension from residence in that cosmopolitan refuge than from life in their slower, quieter, and less populous region to the north.

Unsophisticated people are not limited to one side of the border. They may easily be found on the American as well as on the Dominion side of the line.

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While taking a brief vacation in Newport, Vermont, some years ago, I started for a long walk, one cool summer morning, towards West Derby, on Lake Memphramagog, to enjoy the manifold beauties of that truly picturesque region. The whole scene unfolds itself before my mental vision at this moment with so much distinctness that it seems as if I beheld it but yesterday. How lavish Nature has been of her attractions in this neighborhood! beauty of every type and exhibitions of power and grandeur to suit the most diverse tastes! On one side there are level fields, of moderate elevation, gleaming in rich verdure, or waving in golden grain, under the dazzling radiance of a summer sun, with great groups of forest trees left only to heighten and enrich the value of the cheerful clearings, and on the other side the towering mountains, stern and majestic, visible many miles on every side. Just below, the beautiful lake mirrors and repeats every pretty feature of the scene, moving or motionless, dull or glowing, from the trembling bush to the noblest mountain, from the sparkling sunbeam to the shadowy cloud, the romantic islands rich in bright-hued vegetation, adding varied charms to the magnificent enchanting panorama. No one whose eyes have not feasted upon such splendors or experienced the inspiration enjoyable at this wonderful lake, can be said to have approached the fulness of enjoyment possible to him or to have exhausted the stock of Nature's loveliest spectacles here at home.

On this occasion, while enjoying the charms of this beautiful North American resort, I met a farmer, a typical Vermonter, tall and lank, with whom I fell into conversation. When about parting, he inquired with characteristic curiosity and with the well-known drawl: "Whar be yoo frum when yar to hum?" I replied—"Quebec, Canada." With a knowing smile and cunning twinkle of the eye, he answered: "I guess not, stranger; you can't fool this chicken. Neow, them air French Canadians don't know 'nuff to know nuffin'. On my way hum t'other day with my cart, I met one of them air fellers all tuckered out. I reckon he'd

walked quite a piece, and I felt kinder sorry, so I hollered out: 'Look a here Frenchman, hop on.' I kinder tried to make him talk, but 'twarn't no go. He'd only grunt yes or no, and when we got to the farm house, he just clumb down the cart and skipped off without nary a thank yer, only bobbin' his head in an outlandish way. Oh! no, stranger, I guess not! Yoo be one of them air Bosting fellers." I had not at the time any thought of ever becoming a citizen of this brilliant centre of civilization, and consequently the flattering intimation did not cause my breast to swell with undue pride. To-day, I should fully appreciate the honor of such a conclusion, reached even in the northern corner of Vermont; but all my efforts to convince the green mountain farmer that I was only a Canadian utterly failed. If not at that time deserving of his compliment, I have happily since supplied the deficiency, having learned also to set a proper estimate upon the inference drawn in my favor and the valuable boon conferred by such citizenship. To return to my poor "Canuck," his silence was explicable on the theory of his ignorance of English, and probably more or less bewildering at the condescension of the farmer.

Apropos of the advantages and the distinction of Boston citizenship, I recall a story which I heard a short time ago. It were a pity not to put on record such an expressive testimony of devotion to that favored city. A woman who had just lost her husband desired to have a tombstone placed over his grave, with some choice inscription, and she requested suggestions to that effect. Several were submitted to her taste, but all failed to meet its fastidious requirements. Finally the supply of sentiment being somewhat exhausted, it was asked if she would not like the simple, old epitaph: "Gone to a Better Land." "Oh! no," she quickly replied, in a tone of surprise, mingled with some indignation, "that would never do; why he lived all his life in Boston!" The story fitly illustrates the regard cherished by many an affectionate admirer of that honored city, in which even the adopted Canadian sometimes comes to share.

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